

You Make Me Real

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> Disclaimer: Buffy and her assorted friends and enemies don't belong to me. They're the intellectual property of a jilted deity we call Joss.  
Lyrics are from the Smashing Pumpkins' song, "To Sheila."

> \*\*\*\*\*  
> Twilight fades  
> Through blistered avalon  
> The sky's cruel torch  
> on arching autobahn  
> into the uncertain divine  
> we scream into the last divine  
> Four years had passed since he had left. Left with a fleeting bit of snappy wisdom and an altogether forced exit. He'd left with a flimsy excuse, drunk himself in another stupor to convince himself that he was doing the *\*right\** thing. Leaving. It had been the hardest thing he'd ever done, leaving her. Buffy.  
> He whispered the name, rolling it around on his tongue experimentally. Calling her "Slayer" had become too impersonal, and when he had been interrogating the redhead, her name had slipped out of his mouth. The first time he had admitted she even had a name.  
<br>

> Did the redhead know, did she understand what it had meant for Spike to say his mortal enemy's name?  
> Probably not. "Too busy worrying for her life, I reckon." The vampire muttered, his long elegant fingers grasping the tiny cup in front of him. He had stolen the tea cup from her mother's house, when the woman turned to look for the marshmallows he had so jokingly requested--the cup slid into his pocket soundlessly. A little keepsake, a little chance that Buffy's fingers might have lingered on the same surface...a memory.  
> Though he really didn't need it, as Buffy's face was never far from his thoughts.  
> He dreamt of her: vibrant, pulsating visions that left him aching, tormented by thoughts of desire and loss running rampant. How

beautiful she had looked, whether in fighter's stance, or swaying seductively to a tune that only she could hear...Spike swallowed, as he recalled various nights of hiding the shadows just to see her dance.<br> And then, when he had broken his self imposed guise of cripple to finally have an honest conversation with her; oh, how the sparks had flown! Fire had been in her eyes, and as easily as she deflected his barbs, he could sense her inner pain. The loneliness and sadness that lurked just below the sparkling blue surface--even when she was melancholy, she was lovely. He remembered wanting to take that ridiculous hat off her head, smooth the hair away from her face and then kissing her until she nearly fainted from lack of oxygen.

> <br> But he didn't. Didn't have the guts.

> <br> So he played the part of the wounded and jealous lover, told a tale of a woman he no longer really loved...just to get her attention. It had worked, but then he had gained Dru and lost her. The reason he had lied in the first place.

> <br> Four bloody years.

> <br> He had had another chance--when Dru gained consciousness \*physically speaking\* and left him, he returned to Sunnydale, drunk and giddy with the hope that he'd see her again. They fought, snapped at each other. It was like old times.

> <br> Except, somehow Hell had frozen over and spit up Angel, Soul Boy once again.

> That had been heartbreak, seeing them fuss over each other. <br>

> But he'd taken care of \*that\*. As strong as his emotions were at the time, he didn't <br> betray himself. Using the classic pawn, he'd goaded them, prickled her into believing that Angel's love would destroy her, and vice-versa. All the while, grinning merrily underneath his sob mask for Drusilla.

> <br> Love was indeed an odd thing.

> <br> But he'd paid in the end...sacrifices...so many. Long endless stretches of night where he couldn't bear to go outside, for not seeing her. Cities he'd inevitably end up in, looking for girls who reminded him of Buffy. Small, slender and blonde--he had found them, but none of them had her fire, her spirit. Her luminous eyes--a wondrous mixture of blue and green, he was never quite sure what \*exactly\* what color they were. Impostors, all of them.

> <br> You make me real

> you make me real<br> strong as I feel

> you make me real<br>

> Fake as the reasons he had given for his disappearance and eventual emergence. Poor Dru. He'd been her puppet, her plaything for so long, he'd forgotten what it felt like to hold the strings for once, to manipulate the controls. Until Buffy opened his eyes. And then, Drusilla joined her collection of dolls, blank and unthreatening, porcelain-fragile.<br>

> Initially, it had been hard to lie to Drusilla, but as time wore on and she grated his nerves further, his qualms disappeared.<br>

> So she became his reason #1, and Buffy bought it every time.<br>

Not knowing that it was \*her\* that made his blood race, the little slayer brought back Spike's humanity, a little piece at a time.

Desire and passion were there, of course, and she reciprocated in her fighting--but it quickly began to be tempered with respect and later, admiration. Full-fledged love followed behind not soon after. It replaced the responsibility, the parental concern he had for Drusilla.

> <br> And Spike was remembering what it was like to be mortal again, young and foolish in love.

> He shuddered.<br>  
> Lately I just can't seem to believe<br> discard my friends to  
change the scenery  
> it meant the world to hold a bruising faith<br> but now it's just a  
matter of grace  
> <br> He only envied his lost humanity for the simple pleasure of  
seeing her in sunlight...every time he encountered her, she was  
bathed in silvery moonlight. It highlighted her golden hair and gave  
her an ethereal glow, smooth and pale like the moon itself.  
> <br> And he had run from her dangerous beauty every time.  
> <br> Running forever in his car had appealed for about a month,  
when he finished chastising himself for being a coward, and loathing  
the fact that he had become besotted.  
> <br> A summer storm graces all of me  
> highway warm sing silent poetry<br> I could bring you the light  
> and take you home into the night<br>  
> So he had returned. <br>  
> Spike sat in his chair, absorbed in his thoughts. The deathly  
stillness of the night was broken in regular intervals by a chorus of  
crickets. Annoying little things, but they were a fact of life...er,  
unlife. As he gazed reverently at the perfectly round cup in his  
hands, he didn't notice the rustle of a dress behind him.<br>  
> A small hand lighted on his shoulder, startling the vampire. Spike  
craned his neck to see who had dared disturb him.<br> Long,  
languorous curls flowed around her face, rippling down her back in a  
blonde waterfall. The girl smiled, and caressed his cheek lovingly.  
  
> "It's late...even for you, Spike." Buffy teased, a gentle smile  
quirking her face.<br> "What are you up to?"  
> Spike smiled, and reached out for her. She came willingly, and he  
pulled her down unto his lap.<br> "Nothing, pet. Just thinking over  
some things, that's all."  
> "Playing Deep Thoughts Guy, I see."<br> "And wouldn't you like to  
know what I was thinking about, eh?"  
> Tilting her head to meet his, Spike kissed her, gently at first,  
then with increased ardor.<br> Buffy moaned, wrapping her arms around  
him.  
> They stayed like that for a little while, until she came up for  
air.<br> Narrowing her eyes at the nonchalant vampire, she muttered,  
"I bet I can guess."  
> Spike smiled even wider.<br> "Come to bed, luv."  
> <br> You make me real  
> you make me real<br> strong as I feel  
> you make me real<br>  
> THE END<br>

End  
file.